

Iron County Register.

By E. D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : MISSOURI.

A BALLAD.

The Plaintiff was a homely Maid
Of forty years, or more, and
A trolley car, it ran her down,
And she, of course, was sore.

The lawyer was a cunning chap,
Who liked contingent fees,
He naturally advised the Maid
To nurse her injuries.

The damages the Plaintiff claimed
Were modest as could be:
She asked for fifty thousand pounds
Because she hoped for three.

The experts were disinterested,
So six they swore that she
Would die within a month or two,
Six swore the contrary.

The jurors, honest men and true,
They thought and thought and thought;
And then "For Plaintiff fifty thou-
sand pounds" the verdict brought.

The jurors, tender-hearted men,
Before they sought their bed,
Each one, he nobly went and asked
The plaintiff him to wed.

Alas! Alack! Alack-a-day!
'Twas ever thus in life!
They found the Plaintiff-Maid no more,
So was the lawyer's wife!

—N. Y. Sun.

MRS. PELGROVE'S HAT.

By Herbert Jamieson.

MATTHEW PELGROVE strolled along the esplanade at Hastings, chuckling to himself. From a moral standpoint he had done a most reprehensible thing, but the circumstances were certainly mitigating. May not much be forgiven to a man whose wife has a shrewish tongue, and ideas of expenditure that by no means square with the possibilities of a limited income?

Three days previously, in the privacy of their home at Hornsey, Matthew had remarked to his wife:

"My dear, I and I shall have to go to Bradford on Friday."

Mrs. Pelgrove lowered the coffee-pot and glanced sharply across the table.

"Oh! Rather unexpected, isn't it? On business?"

"Certainly! Must see some wool people there before the next London sales. Most important clients."

"I understand. Shall I come, too?"

Matthew endangered the life of his cup by bringing it precipitately to the table.

"Impossible, Mary! Bradford's not a place for pleasure. Besides, I shall be fully engaged all the time."

That was what had passed between them. And this Saturday afternoon, when his wife believed him to be in the north transacting business, Pelgrove, the arch-deceiver, was bathing in beautiful autumnal sunshine on the Hastings promenade.

He wore a blithe and jaunty air. How sweet it was to capture, even for a week-end, the lost delights of bachelorhood! Did he not bless the comic paper that had first suggested to him this brilliant notion of duplicity, and resolve to subscribe to it for the future? The very day was in fitting accord with his spirit of hilarity.

At home Mrs. Pelgrove insisted on her husband dressing in harmony with the ideas of their genteel suburb, but here he had thrown (metaphorically) conventional attire to the winds—indeed, it consisted of little but a white flannel suit, a red and orange bathing blazer, and a sun hat worn at a rakish tilt.

As Matthew stepped along, observing the varied that he had not a care in the world. He could even smile at his wife's desperate ambition to cut a social figure, and her bitter discontent that he was not making money fast enough for the full attainment of her purpose. Money—bah!—the word had an ugly sound. Nothing should be allowed to poison to-day his draught of pleasure.

Now, Matthew Pelgrove was not given to much exercise, and he presently became aware that, despite the lightness of his raiment, his lower limbs were beginning to ache. He would seek one of those inviting shelters where, shielded from the sun's rays, he might watch the people and indulge to the full his present sense of contentment.

Proceeding a little farther he espied a vacant place. That glass partition, dividing the seats on either side, would pleasantly shelter him from all draughts, and this corner seat looked most luxurious. The authorities really deserved—

But at that moment Matthew got a terrible shock. Sharply defined against the glass on the other side of the shelter was a hat—a hat resting on a woman's head of golden hair.

Matthew turned and literally ran from the spot. No one could mistake that hat—it was his wife's; he would pick it out amongst a thousand others.

How vividly he remembered the sickening feeling with which three weeks ago he had regarded it, perched for the first time on her proudly raised head! Surely nothing so blatant, nothing so vulgar, had ever sprung to existence before in the millinery world.

Through all the dark ages had feminine taste stooped to such an appalling conception of color? And the price—well, his bank balance suffered from it yet.

So Mary had discovered his scheme and followed him to Hastings. But how in the name of wonder—ah, he had it! He had stupidly mentioned his real destination to the manager of his office. Evidently suspicious of something, his wife had gone there and secured the information that had led her to appear in this quarter.

Out of breath with his unusual expenditure of energy, Pelgrove dropped his run to a walk and glanced furtively back. Thank goodness, that hat with the flaming, artificial flower-garden in it, visible for fully 100 yards with the naked eye, was not in sight! Mary had not seen him, then. He walked on hurriedly to the small hotel where he was stopping.

Arrived there, Pelgrove sought the

smoking-room and put to the test the nerve-soothing properties of a good cigar. What an escape! He hated a scene in public, and that his wife evidently sought. Here at least he would be safe, for no one knew where he was stopping. As long as he kept well hid his privacy would not be invaded, unless, indeed (perish the thought!), his wife sought in turn every hotel in Hastings.

That evening Pelgrove made himself fairly content with illustrated papers. Next morning the sun rose in a cloudless sky and everything pointed to a day of perfect weather. He longed to venture forth—but, no. If he stepped outside malevolent chance would certainly send him straight into the arms of his wife. He could not even sit at the window and be fanned by the breeze, lest she should pass below and catch a glimpse of him. The scene before them must come, but better—far better—that it should be reserved for to-morrow evening, when their next-door neighbors at Hornsey (the Pelgroves occupied a semi-detached residence) should alone be edified.

Towards nightfall Matthew became exceedingly restless. As an additional cause of grievance not a speck of cloud had shown itself in the sky, and everybody abroad looked more than usually happy. Over a whisky and soda—the despairing effort of an abstemious man to revive his spirits—Matthew groaned. His impromptu holiday was not doing him the least bit of good. Better bickering at Hornsey than imprisonment in Hastings, with that dreadful shadow of the morrow hanging over his head!

"I don't care; I'm going out," he said to himself, when the sun had set and chances of recognition were slighter.

Pulling his hat well over his head and turning up his coat-collar, Matthew ventured outside. But despite the serenity of the night he did not enjoy the walk. One thought intruded—would he meet his wife? He peered into the dark corners of shelters before he passed them; a dozen times in the dim light other women's hats assumed the appearance of hers.

When people streamed out of church and the crowd on the esplanade grew thicker Matthew decided to return to the hotel. This week-end at the seaside was an entire fiasco.

As he passed through the hall the young woman in charge of the office spoke to him.

"Some people called for you when you were out, sir."

"Oh!" replied Matthew, with ill-assumed unconcern. "Who were they?"

"A lady and gentleman. Said they had seen your name in the visitors' list. They left no cards."

"Could you—describe them?"

"I only spoke to the lady, sir. The gentleman kept behind. He looked rather seedy beside her."

"You can't remember at all how she was dressed?"

"It was too dark to see much, and we hadn't lit up. She had on a wonderful hat, though," Pelgrove started.

"I couldn't help noticing that; it was so startling. What my young man would call a kind of conservatory with the glass left out. I thought it would hardly go through the door unless she stepped back sideways, but some women know how to carry that style of thing," and the young lady sniffed by way of slight contempt, and returned to her ledger.

Pelgrove had not moved. The blow had fallen; his wife was hot on the scent. But who could her companion be? Seemingly dressed, eh? Probably some private inquiry agent whose services she had enlisted.

"Did they say—they would return to-night?" Matthew stammered.

"No, sir. Said nothing about that. Where shall I find you if they do?"

"I'm going to bed. I have—er—a headache. Have my bill ready early in the morning, please?"

Twenty minutes later Matthew was snugly between the sheets. Yet, even there, was a man safe from his wife? He listened nervously to every noise on the stairs, fancying her step in the tread of every chambermaid, and it was fully a couple of hours before he sank into unconsciousness.

How Matthew Pelgrove transacted his business next day he does not perfectly remember. Even in the days of his apprenticeship he never glanced so many times at the clock. But with how different a motive! Then it was with the longing that some invisible agency would push on the slowly-moving hands and bring release from the irksome bondage of the office-stool; now that time might stand still, and that dreaded outbreak with his wife fade into unreality. All his self-possession fled as he thought of the evening hour.

If only he could frame some plausible excuse for his appearance at Hastings! Matthew, however, was not an imaginative man, and rub his wits as he might, he could find no reason calculated to bear the faintest inspection. It would be too transparently thin to suggest that another man of the name of Matthew Pelgrove had been stopping at that hotel. Hastings was not a business center, and it was quite inconceivable that he should have arranged to meet a client there. No; the wisest plan seemed to be to brave it out. He must explain that, feeling a bit run down, he had changed his mind and, instead of going to Bradford, had proceeded to the sea—which statement, of course, had the essence of truth.

A little after the usual time Matthew left the office for home. More from force of habit than anything else he bought an evening paper, but he found himself unable to make sense of a line of it. His eyes wandered to his fellow-travelers in the railway carriage. Did any of them anticipate domestic storms? Had any of them wandered in similar fashion from the path of rectitude and purchased a few hours of enjoyment at the price he was paying?

The train drew up at Hornsey and Matthew found himself one of a crowd filtering out of the station. If only at that moment he might be lost to sight for evermore! When a married man did disappear in that way, was not his wife usually the cause?

He reached his garden-gate and glanced furtively at the house. Mary was invisible. He screwed up courage and mounted the steps. The housemaid opened the door to him.

"Is your mistress in?"

"Upstairs in her room, sir. She'll be down directly."

He placed hat and papers on the hatstand. Never had he entered his house with such a peculiar feeling before. It was as though he had no right there, and the next moment would see him violently ejected into the street.

He passed into the dining-room and was fishing under the sofa for his slippers when his wife entered. He screwed up courage to look her in the face. His expression confirmed his worst fears.

"You're home," she laconically remarked.

"Yes. Things all gone well, Mary?"

"Not at all! Are you ready for dinner?"

"When I've found my other slipper."

"You're late," continued Mrs. Pelgrove. "Dinner's been kept back a quarter of an hour, and you know how cross it makes cook. I have something serious to say to you after it."

Personally, Matthew would have preferred having the matter out before the meal; it would act like a nightmare on his digestion. But he sat obediently up to the table and feigned interest in the viands, maintaining for appearance sake when the servant was present a flow of small talk, to which his wife shortly replied.

The meal ended, and folding up her serviette, Mrs. Pelgrove planted her elbows on the table. Her husband recognized the omen and trembled.

"Had a successful little trip, Matthew?"

"Yes, very—thank you!"

"You don't seem up to the mark to-night."

"A trifling headache. Traveling, you know, does shake one up a bit. That reminds me. I've left my portmanteau at the office."

She made no comment. Matthew played with a salt-spoon. He could not possibly meet her gaze.

"I've been dreadfully put out, Matthew. I discovered on Saturday—oh, it's too awful to speak about."

The blow was coming, and Pelgrove turned hot all over. Mary was clearly holding herself in. In a moment the storm would break in all its violence, and a poor man who had done wrong and knew it would go down before the blast.

"I was sitting at this window quietly sewing on Saturday morning, when an open fly drove by. Mr. and Mrs. Needham Smith were in it, and the coachman had a pile of luggage beside him. But what do you think Mrs. Smith had on her head?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Matthew, puzzled, yet relieved. "Something absurd, I suppose. A yachting cap?"

"No, Matthew; worse than that! Just think of the horror of it! A hat the precise image of my new one. Wasn't it a shock for me?"

Pelgrove saw daylight struggling through.

"Really!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "Where were they going?"

"I didn't know at the time, but the grocer's man told me afterwards. They were off to spend a week at Hastings. Why, Matthew, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing—nothing. I was just thinking what a burning shame about that hat. Mrs. Needham Smith has copied it, I suppose. Now I remember, she had hair much the same color as yours, and thought perhaps it might suit her."

"It doesn't, Matthew. She looks absolutely hideous in it. Oh, it's a scandal! I've not stirred from the house since; I was so upset. I shall never speak to that woman again. You are not laughing?"

"Rather not! I'm just as put out as you, Mary. When I've bought you a nice thing, it's too bad to find it imitated. What a pity for you women there isn't a law of copyright in hats!"

He felt like a school-boy again. So it was Mrs. Needham Smith who had given him the fright at Hastings, and she—her husband had been his visitors at the hotel. Now, fortunately, relations between their wives, never cordial ones, would entirely cease.

"I'm so glad you did well by going to Bradford, Mat. The fact is—well, I must get another hat now."

"Of course! You shall have one immediately. Go to a good Regent street shop! Mrs. Smith can't very well copy what you get there."

"Oh, Matthew, how good of you! We mustn't let the Needham Smiths cut us out. Could you afford to take me by-and-by down to Hastings for a little?"

She looked at him a trifle doubtfully, but his response was ready and eager.

"We'll go, Mary, in about a week's time, directly the Needham Smiths get home. Why, it must be seven or eight years since we went to Hastings—together!"—London Tit Bits.

ROMANCE IN SMYRNA.

Beautiful Young Woman Sits Traps a Wealthy Sutor in a Scheme for Gain.

Recently an elderly oil merchant, who has for many years lived in Smyrna, fell in love with a beautiful young girl of the same city and asked her to marry him. She refused at first, but finally said that she would become his wife if before the ceremony was performed he would present her with the handsome house which he owned in the center of the city. He promised to do so, and straightway the necessary deed was drawn up, signed and handed to the covetous damsel, the understanding being that the marriage was to take place on the following morning, relates the New York Herald.

That night the young lady slept in the newly-acquired house, and at the hour appointed for the ceremony the elderly sutor presented himself at the door in his new wedding garments. Instead, however, of receiving him as a sweetheart should, the young lady no sooner set eyes on him than she rushed to the door and gave him, with the aid of a stalwart youth, with whom she appeared to be on very friendly terms, a drubbing, which was so severe that he was hardly able to crawl away from the spot.

After he had disappeared the faithless sweetheart and her companion barricaded themselves in the house and, though the disappointed oil merchant formally demanded that his property be returned to him, no attention was paid to him.

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WORSE THAN PUGILISM.

Football, as Played in This Country, Claims More Victims Than the Prize-Ring.

Which is the more destructive to life and limb—football or pugilism? Statistics gathered by the New York World show 124 deaths from prize fighting since Tom Falkner was knocked out in England in 1758, the list ending with five in this country during 1903. During 1902 the prize ring had seven victims; in 1901 the number was eight; and it was ten in 1900. For some of these deaths men have gone to prison, but the great majority of the men who gave the death blow were not even arrested.

The figures show conclusively that the "sport" of the prize ring is brutal, and deserves repression. It is, happily, not a popular sport in this country, thanks to unfriendly laws, says the Baltimore Sun, and does not attract the unfavorable attention that is given to football. The latter sport seems, however, even more objectionable, if account be taken of the number and character of the victims. The World notes that the football season is barely six weeks in length, and the number of players is fully 20 per cent. greater than of the pugilists. "These two facts," the World says, "in consideration of results, indicate that the percentage is against the football player."

He is in more danger than the pugilist.

Facts collected by Prof. E. E. Dexter, of the University of Illinois, by 60 American colleges show that in the last ten years out of 210,334 students 22,766 played football, and of this number 654 were seriously injured and 114 were killed. In 1902 the seriously injured numbered 143, and 12 were killed. In some years one player is killed or maimed for each day of the playing season. In view of Prof. Dexter's figures, it is impossible to assert that the game is maintained in the interest of the athletic development of students, since it is shown that but 10.8 per cent. of the students play football. A form of exercise in which only about one student out of ten engages cannot conduce greatly to the physical development of the student body as a whole.

The tenth student's field practice does not affect the muscles, heart and lungs of the other nine. The football game is, in fact, for nine-tenths of the boys only a spectacle, and for the rest largely an occasion of idleness, dissipation and demoralization. This is, unfortunately, too much the character of all college sports. Athletic exercise in the gymnasium is one thing, games are usually in character and effect something very different. They do not always injure seriously the participants, and this is the most that can be said for them.

MILLIONAIRE'S SYMPATHY.

Was Expresed for an Old Friend in a Manner Surprising and Substantial.

"A man whom I knew well, one who had once been a very prosperous business man in St. Louis, but who had met reverses, walked into the office of one of our western millionaires and asked for the loan of five dollars," said ex-Congressman Charles F. Joy, of Missouri, recently, relates the Washington Post.

"The man seeking the favor had been a close friend of the millionaire before he had become immensely rich. The unfortunate one went to the other in fear and trembling, dreading to be turned down, for he knew that the news of his taking to drink had reached the ears of his old-time friend."

"He was greeted very cordially, however, and plucked up heart to ask for the money. Immediately the millionaire's demeanor changed. 'No,' said he, 'I can't let you have five dollars.'

"I hardly expected you would," replied the supplicant, but thought that maybe for our former friendship you might do me that little favor. However, it does not matter. When a man's luck deserts him he can get no assistance from any quarter," and with an air of absolute dejection he turned to leave the office.

"No, I won't give you what you wanted, but wait here a few minutes," and the millionaire went into his private room and held a brief consultation with one of his employees. In a quarter of an hour the clerk returned and held out a big, fat envelope to the miserable being. The latter, hardly realizing that anyone should send him a communication, broke the cover, and inside found five brand-new \$100 bills and a railway ticket to St. Louis, with berth or parlor car. On seeing these, and realizing that the man whom he supposed would not let him have five dollars had been his benefactor, the recipient of this unexpected generosity broke down and cried like a child.

"There is not much more to say to the story, except that with the money the man went to his old home and started up in a small business out of which he derives a comfortable living. The moral, if there be one, is that millionaires are often as sympathetic as ordinary mortals. This particular one I know to be the possessor of a big heart, and yet he has the best reasons for never talking about his acts of charity."

Not Cheap, Anyway.

Hastening to the assistance of the man who had been run over by the auto, we find him raised up and staring after the machine.

"Well," he whispers, hoarsely, sinking back again, "take me to the hospital. I am satisfied."

"Would you recognize the villain if you saw him again?" we asked.

"Who? The man running? I don't know; but that is one of the newest models, and it didn't cost a cent less than \$5,000. I'd hate to be killed by a cheap machine."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Misplaced Confidence.

"All I need is a fair chance," said the genteel beggar. "I've got plenty of confidence in myself if I could only get a start."

"You've got an unusual amount of confidence in yourself if you think you can persuade me to give you a start," said the hard-headed man.—Philadelphia Press.

Seven Naphtha Lakes.

The island of Sakhalin, near Japan, has seven underground naphtha lakes; the area of the largest of them is 75,320 square yards.

SAWED BEAR MEAT.

Bear Undertook to Run a Sawmill. But the Saw Was Too Much for Him.

"Talking about bear experiences," said an old trapper the other day to a Bangor Commercial representative. "I had one many years ago that was a corker, and it shows that old brain has quite a head on him, after all. It was one of the gory, bear-eat-man sort of experiences, but a story that would make many people doubt the truth of it, but I can produce enough reliable witnesses to substantiate the tale, so I am not worrying over that part."

"It happened up in the northern part of the state, and, at the time, bears were very thick, too thick for convenience. I was at the time engaged in lumbering operations and was in charge of a sawmill that my father owned. It was one of the old-fashioned kind of mills, the kind that you used to see when knocking around in the woods. Bears had been troubling us very much by getting into the mill and eating up the provisions, especially the pork. We did not have any traps at hand, so we could not make any headway toward exterminating them."

"The day the adventure took place that I am going to tell you about I had been working all night for the past few days sawing logs and had gotten my sleep in by snoozing during the daytime. On this particular day I was pretty well tired out and I don't think that anything except a cannon shot could have awakened me, but this bear that happened along woke me up all right, and for a time I was pretty well scared."

"I had lain down for my little snooze and it was not long before I commenced to fly around in gold chariots and was having a pretty good time of it in my dreams, when I felt something snuffing at my face and proving otherwise obnoxious. I managed to bring my eyes to a focus and was nearly frightened to death to discover a good-sized bear engaged in making a very full investigation of my anatomy. Well, I can tell you I did some pretty tall thinking and, as you know, it is said that a bear will not touch a body that he thinks is dead. I was engaged for about all of the next two or three minutes in holding my breath and doing other things to make me appear lifeless."

"Pretty soon the bear gave me up as immortal and commenced to prow around the mill. He put in a very critical examination of everything that he could possibly reach and he hadn't been prowling around long before he discovered some deer meat hanging up. Well, it didn't take him long to pull the carcass down and commence to make good inroads into the meat. After he had been eating some time he discovered the logs standing on the carriage, and, evidently thinking that they would make him a comfortable seat for the remainder of his meal, took a good hunk of the meat and went out and sat down on the logs with his back to the saw."

"Now was my chance to have a little fun with the bear, which I was not slow in grasping. The logs where he was sitting were quite a ways from me, so that I had plenty of chance to get at the lever that set the machinery in motion that worked the saw and movable carriage. Well, I got to the lever and pulled it over without the bear discovering my presence."

"The carriage commenced to move slowly toward the saw and you ought to have seen the expression on that bear's face. It would put the facial expression of Happy Hooligan out of sight. He became used to the motion of the carriage in a few seconds and commenced to re-saw his meal."

"The carriage was moving toward the saw in pretty good shape by this time and it was but a few minutes before it got within hearing distance of him. He was unconscious of his approaching fate, but about the same time that he commenced to realize that something out of the ordinary was doing the saw struck him amidships, and as it was a very powerful and large saw, in the twinkling of an eye that bear was cut up into some of the finest bear chop that you ever saw."

"It didn't take me long to realize what a trick I had done and commenced to pick up the meat. I put it in cold storage and we had bear meat for the next two or three weeks. That was the most exciting bear experience that I ever got into and although I didn't get hurt at all I don't want the feat repeated."

Cheese for Rabbit.

The trouble-making powers of a Welsh rabbit are not always limited to the physical being, as one young man now realizes. This particular young man, country bred, recently began his city life as a grocery clerk. The very first week a woman customer hurriedly demanded: "Some cheese for a rabbit, please." The young man did not stop to think whether rabbits enjoyed cheese—the customer's tone was too imperative for hesitation—so he put up what he supposed her pet would like. An hour later a crestfallen clerk listened to the head grocer's lecture on the foolishness of giving a valuable customer a bag full of cheese rinds and scraps. Now he knows what sort of cheese the "rabbit" takes.—N. Y. Post.

Love-Powers Still Potent.

One of the Iowa Indians, according to an Oklahoma paper, is making a good living by selling so-called love powders. Little, peculiar shells found in the creeks and the root of a certain kind of morning glories furnish the sole ingredients of the love-compelling powder. The shells and roots are dried and ground to powder; then after making a sort of paste of the mixture the loveliest swain or swamess meets it over his or her face; then the love powder painted person goes close to the one whose affection is to be captured. It is claimed that the besmeared person is always victorious.

Wisdom of Experience.

"Tommy," said his father, "I was surprised to hear that you had dared to dispute your mother."

"But she was wrong, father," replied Tommy.

"That has nothing to do with it, my son," continued the old man. "I am considerably older than you, and I'm right here to tell you that when a woman says a thing's so, it is so, whether it is or not."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

White and Black.

You cannot whitewash yourself by blackening others.—Chicago Journal.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.



Find a Fourth Man.

A Man, who gave himself out for a Wizard and Fortune-Teller, used to stand in the market place and pretend to cast nativities, give information as to missing property and other matters of like kind. One day, while he was busy plying his trade, a waggish fellow broke through the crowd and, gasping as if for the want of breath, told him that his house was in flames and must shortly be burnt to the ground. Off ran the Wizard at the news as fast as his legs could carry him, while the Wag and the crowd of other people followed at his heels. The house, it seems, was not on fire at all and the Wag asked him, amid the jeers of the people, how it was that he who was so clever at telling other people's fortunes, should know so little of his own.

Moral.—We had best become masters of our own affairs before we attempt to advise others of theirs.

LAKES OF PURE NAPHTHA.

Boundless Reservoirs of the Mineral Fuel Exist in the Eastern Part of Asia.

The chief source of the world's supply of naphtha promises to be shifted to the eastern part of Asia, which has been found to be one of the richest mineral fuel regions in the world, according to a recent consular report. The area of all the paying coal layers in Europe comprises only 22,760 square miles, an area equal to that of one of the Russian provinces—the Kazan province. The area of coal layers in eastern Asia, though not yet estimated, is considered incalculable.

Besides immense coal beds eastern Asia possesses wealthy underground naphtha lakes that will soon be the foundation of a great industry. Naphtha springs are found everywhere in China, in Manchuria, in the Ussuri district in Japan, and on the Sakhalin island. The latter island not only possesses very rich coal mines, but also large naphtha lakes.

The chemical engineer, K. S. Platonoff, after having examined the coal beds and naphtha wells in Texas and Pennsylvania, made an investigation of the naphtha springs on Sakhalin island